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CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 5

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EVERYONE





VIRTUES OF GODS

In one of his previous lives, Buddha had been born as a prince in the royal family of Varanasi. His father had named him Mahisas. Prince Mahisas had a younger brother who had been named Chandra-kumar.

The queen died while the boys were very young. The king married again. The new queen gave birth to a beautiful son who was named Suryakumar.

Pleased with the new queen and her infant son, the king told her, "I will be happy to grant you a boon. What do you wish to have?"

"Nothing immediately. But I will have my boon granted at

the proper time," replied the queen smiling gratefully.

Years passed. Suryakumar grew up to be a brilliant young prince. The queen then told the king, "Now is the time to grant me the boon. Grant that my son would inherit the throne from you!"

"But I have two worthy elder sons. How can I promise such a thing?" said the pensive king.

The queen was displeased. The king was afraid that she might harm his elder sons. So he called the two princes to his side privately and told them about his fear and advised them to leave the kingdom immediately. "When you hear that I

am no more, return to the palace and claim the throne," he said.

Mahisas and Chandrakumar prostrated themselves before their father. The king kissed them with tears and bade them farewell.

But the youngest prince, Suryakumar, was extremely fond of his brothers. They had not gone far when he joined them, running away from the palace.

The three reached the foot of the Himalayas. One day, while resting under a tree, Mahisas told Suryakumar, "Go to the beautiful lake yonder and enjoy a good bath. When you come, bring water in a lotus leaf for us to drink."

In that lake resided a supernatural being, a Yaksha, appointed by Kubera, the god of wealth. The Yaksha had been given the power to kill or imprison anybody who touched the water excepting those who knew what were the virtues of gods.

The Yaksha had devoured many travellers who had entered the water and who had failed to answer his question.

As soon as Suryakumar got down into the water, the Yaksha



asked him, "Tell me, young man, what are the virtues of gods?"

"Perhaps, to shine as the sun and the moon," replied Suryakumar.

"You know nothing about it," said the Yaksha and he imprisoned the prince.

When Suryakumar did not return in time, Mahisas sent Chandrakumar to the lake. On being asked by the Yaksha about the virtues of gods, Chandrakumar replied, "To rule the universe and to wander in all the spheres are perhaps the virtues of gods."

"You know nothing," said



the Yaksha as he caught hold of the prince.

When Chandrakumar too failed to return in time, Mahisas felt anxious and went near the lake himself. He could see the footsteps of his brothers pointed towards the lake, but he did not see any mark of their coming out. "There must be a demon hiding in the lake," he thought. As he was hesitating to get down into the water, the Yaksha, changing himself into a hill-man, approached him and said, "Why are you standing on the bank instead of going into the water?"

Mahisas looked at the

stranger carefully and challenged, "Tell me the truth. I am afraid, it is you who have taken my innocent brothers prisoners!"

"You are right," confessed the Yaksha.

"But why have you done so?" asked Mahisas.

"Whoever enters the water comes under my authority. I can do to him whatever I like," the Yaksha said.

"Is there no exception?" asked Mahisas.

"There is. He who can tell me what are the virtues of gods would be an exception," said the Yaksha.

"I can tell you," claimed Mahisas.

"Then do tell," demanded the Yaksha.

"To shun pride, never to feel happy with speaking bad of others, to remain quiet and full of goodwill are the virtues of gods," said Mahisas.

The Yaksha was completely satisfied with the reply. He left the lake to the prince for his bath and then entertained him to many a delicious dish.

"I will free any one of your two brothers, as a boon to you. Whom do you choose?" asked the Yaksha.



"In that case let me have my youngest brother, Suryakumar," said Mahisas.

"This is rather strange," observed the Yaksha, "How is it that you prefer your step-brother to your full-fledged brother?"

"I have equal love for both my brothers. But if I will have to return with only one, I will like to have Suryakumar, because being the youngest he deserves greater attention and protection. Besides, we the two elder ones had been asked to leave our kingdom. The youngest one joined us out of his love for us. Thirdly, we have no mother of ours. He has his. She will be extremely sad

to lose him. Fourthly, if we go back and say that he was lost to a Yaksha, nobody would believe us. People might have already known why we left the kingdom. They would think that we have done away with our rival," explained Mahisas.

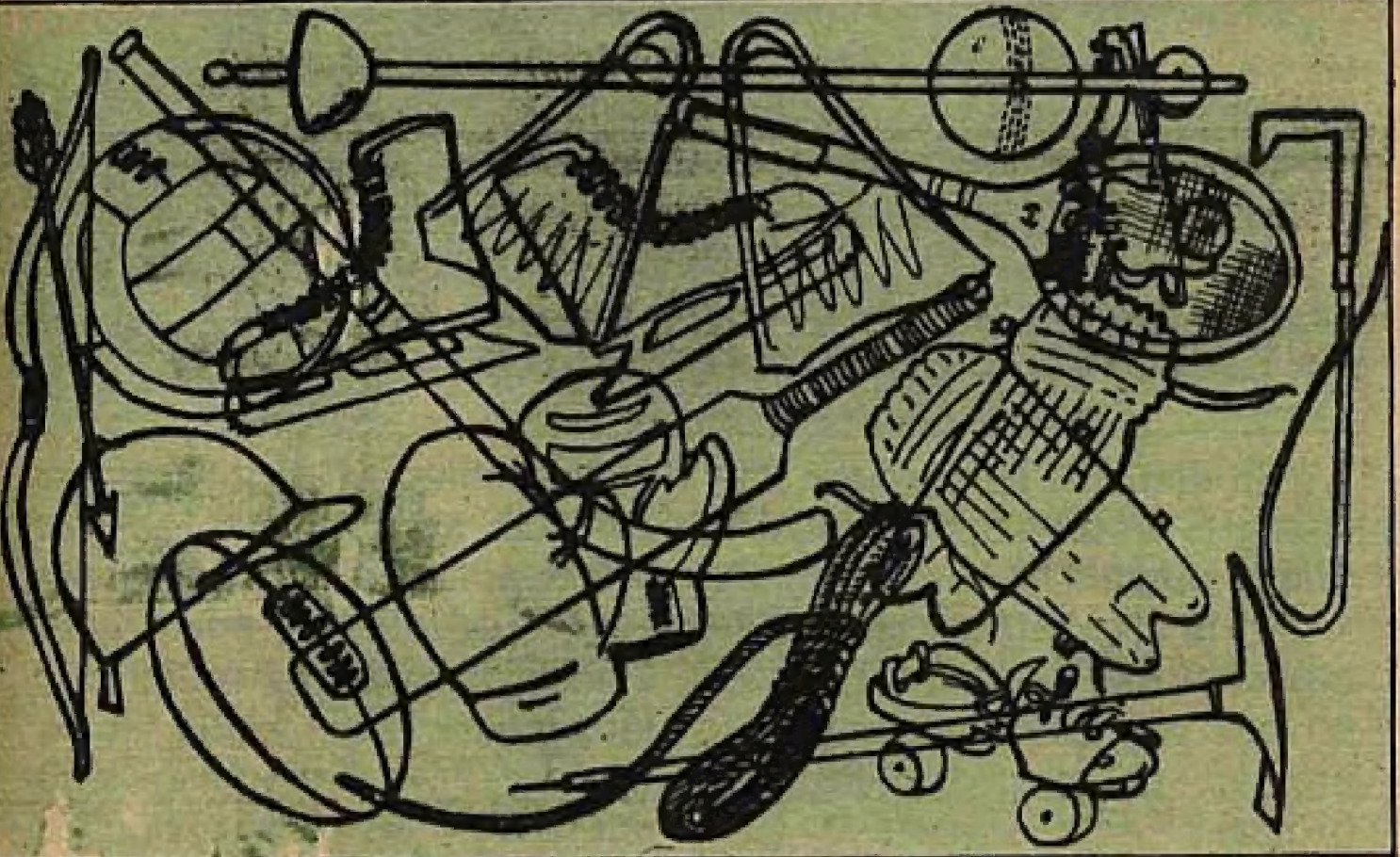
The Yaksha was very much pleased with the wisdom and commonsense of Mahisas. He restored to him both his brothers.

Soon the princes learnt that their father had died. They returned to the capital and the people received them with great joy. Mahisas became the king. He made Chandrakumar his commander and Suryakumar the crown prince.

How far that little candle throws its beams,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

— Shakespeare.

Puzzle Time



In the picture shown above, there are eighteen different types of sporting equipments. See if you can sort out the tangle and refer page 26 for answers.

HOW DO BATS FIND THEIR WAY IN THE DARK?

Bats appear to fly about so oddly that they seem to be blind, or very short-sighted. But they do have eyes, quite big ones in fact, and in some species sight is very good. Yet they do not rely upon eyesight while hunting insects at night. As they are flying, bats give out sounds; when the sound strikes an object an echo is sent back, and in this way helps to guide the creature. This system operates like a radar which helps humans find unseen objects.





The Whimsical Princess and her One Eyed Suitor

Prof. Manoj Das

Once upon a time there was a king who had a most beautiful and clever daughter. But with all her virtues, the princess proved a formidable headache to her father, for she would not marry one who could not answer three questions put by her or who failed to perform any work she asked him to do.

And the questions she asked were often whimsical, if not nonsensical; the works he wanted her suitors to do were

just impossible for anyone short of a genie or a giant or a ghou! or a goblin. Once she asked one of her royal suitors, a young man as round as a boar, to live for one full year on a diet of cockroaches in order to be eligible to marry her. She asked another candidate, a king who had lost his fifth wife lately and who, although his eyes were still red with excessive weeping, had come forward to woo her, to keep on laughing for a week at a stretch. The brave king kept up his laugh for several hours before a committee of owl-faced judges and then suddenly realising that it was rather humili-

liating, resumed his weeping and ran away.

One after another, all the princes and kings of that part of the world were marked disqualified by the princess. At last, when no more royal suitors were forthcoming, the king decided to throw open the chance to the commoners. But the experience soon proved equally frustrating.

One day, to the king's annoyance, a one-eyed young man in tattered robes appeared before him and offered to be tried by the princess. The king who was in a very bad mood, said, "Since I have thrown open the chance to all, I cannot ask you to get out. But I am tired of the riff-raff coming to try their luck. Till today all those who were rejected by the princess were nevertheless given some travelling allowance and a courteous goodbye by our court. But know this, you ambitious young man, that henceforth all those who are rejected would be dumped in the jail. Are you still willing to meet the princess?"

"My lord, as willing as ever," replied the young man, "But if I succeed in passing the test, what reward would I get?"

"Well, in that case you marry the princess!" said the king.

"That, my lord, is the prospect which has brought me here. That is nothing new. But now that you make a new condition—that he who loses before the princess should lose his freedom there should also be the promise of a fresh reward for one who can pass the test!" The young man argued.

"All right," announced the king with a gesture of resignation, "he who can snub my daughter would get nothing less than the throne. I promise to relinquish forthwith."

The young man was led into the palace. The king, a bit intrigued by the audacity of the stranger, followed him and he was followed by all his courtiers.

The princess was strolling in one of the inner courtyards and playing with her pet peacocks. As soon as the young man was ushered into her presence, she tittered, glad to have yet another occasion for sport and fun. What amused her more was the poor and miserable look of her latest suitor who had only one eye.

"Hellow, young man, with your one eye, I am afraid, you

can see only half of me, don't you?" observed the princess as her maids produced a chorus of giggle.

"Oh, no, sweet princess, I can see you full. In fact, I can see twice of what you can see!" answered the young man.

"What a liar you are! How can you see twice of what I see?" demanded the princess.

"I will tell you how, provided this question is counted as one of the three questions I am required to answer," said the young man.

"All right," the princess agreed.

"Now I am going to prove my statement that I can see twice of what you can see," the young man gravely announced. The king and the courtiers

all stood in rapt attention. Then he advanced a few steps towards the princess and asked, "How many eyes do you see on my face?"

"Only one eye, of course!" answered the princess.

"Now, I can see two eyes on your face! So, don't I see twice of what you see?" retorted the young man.

The answer raised a hearty laughter. The king was greatly pleased. No doubt, most of the courtiers were very happy to see the arrogant princess thoroughly discomfited.

"Now, young man, here is my second question," shouted the princess, "If you say 'no' to this question, you are knocked out. If you say 'yes', you have to act accordingly."



"I agree," said the suitor, bowing courteously.

"Can you carry a mountain on your head?" was the question the princess put.

"I can," answered the young man nonchalantly, to everybody's surprise.

"Come on, then, let us go near the mountain yonder," said the princess challengingly as she at once turned and began to walk, followed by her maids and the young man and the king and the courtiers. The mountain was only a furlong away and as soon as they reached there, the youngman looked at the princess and said, "I am ready!"

"Are you? Then would you please perform the feat now? Let us see you carry the mountain on your head!" said the princess and she laughed with a vengeance.

"O princess, I repeat, I am ready. All you have to do is to lift the mountain up and place it on my head. For, I said that I can carry it on my head. I never promised to lift it up!" rebuffed the young man.

This time there was not only a laughter but also an applause from the crowd. Even the

king was about to clap his hands, but stopped in time when his eyes fell on his dear daughter who was on the verge of weeping.

"My child, my cherub," said the king, "Do not lose heart. You have still a chance, the last chance though, to beat this brave young man."

"Can you narrate a dozen of tales none of which would have been heard by any of my maids?" asked the princess.

"I can, my sweet princess," said the young man. They returned to the palace garden. The princess sat down surrounded by her maids and the king and the courtiers sat facing them. At the middle stood the young man.

He had travelled in many lands and had collected many stories which were not in circulation in this land. He went on narrating the best of them and that he did with drama and eloquence. Each time he finished a story, he asked the maids, "Did you by any chance know this one beforehand?" "No, no," said the charmed maids.

But when he had narrated eleven stories, the princess whispered to her maids to say, when he would finish the last story,

that they all knew that one beforehand. The young man did not fail to guess the instruction the princess passed on to her maids.

He proceeded:

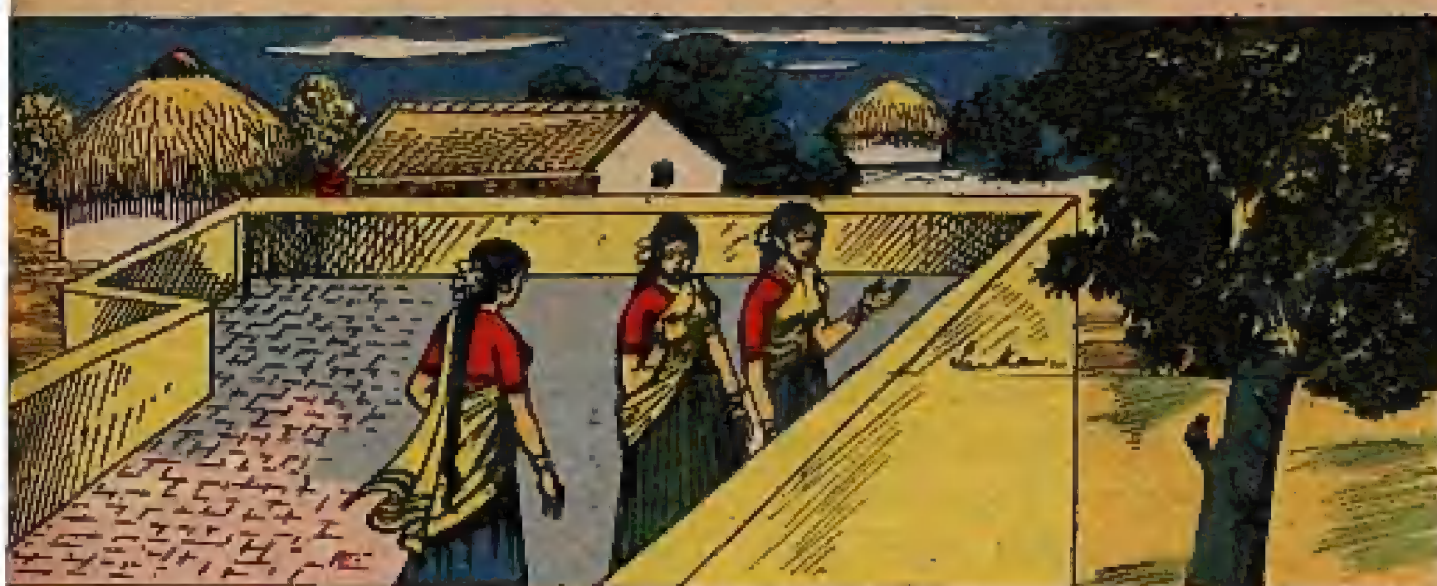
"Once upon a time, not long ago, there was a young man in this country who loved the princess very much. They used to meet secretly in the royal garden. One day the princess said jokingly, 'Darling, can you sacrifice one of your eyes for my sake?' Instantly the young man plucked out one of his eyes and offered it to the princess. The princess was amazed and she said that she would be his wife not only in this life but also in all their subsequent incarnations! Here is the princess and I am that lucky young man. Now tell me, you clever maids, did you know this beforehand?"

"Yes, yes, who does not know this? We all knew this very well," shouted the maids enthusiastically, faithful to the instruction from their mistress.

The princess sat, her head hung in embarrassment. It was not possible for the king and the crowd to hide their profound appreciation of the young man's wit. The king, who had been too tired of the bee in her daughter's bonnet, announced then and there that he had found his son-in-law!

And true to his promise, after his daughter's marriage with the one-eyed genius, the king relinquished his throne in favour of his son-in-law and devoted his time to jigsaw puzzles and to composing doggerels and limericks. The young man very soon proved to be a great ruler. Everybody revered him—most of all his wife.





DIALOGUE AMONG LADIES

In the court of King Bhoj was employed a scholar named Soma Shastri. He had three sons. Shastri had chosen three daughters-in-law from the families of his fellow-scholars.

The three daughters-in-law were dutiful towards their superiors and were themselves girls of learning.

The king was in the habit of wandering in disguise when it was dark. One evening the king walked along the road which passed by the side of Shastri's house. He could hear the scholar's daughters-in-law talking. They were enjoying the evening on the roof of the house. It was a quiet hour

with the sound of a drum coming from distance.

"True, but what a time!" said the second one.

The eldest daughter-in-law was heard saying, "Dead, yet how sweet!"

"True, but the hands too should be given credit!"

The king was puzzled to hear the conversation. Back at the court, he called his minister and reported the dialogues to him and asked, "Can you explain what they meant?"

"My lord! The young ladies had obviously cooked the flesh of some animal which, though dead, tasted so sweet to them!"

said the minister after some reflection.

But the king was not satisfied with the explanation. Shastri was a vegetarian and there was no question of his daughters-in-law cooking meat. Puzzled further, the king invited the ladies to come to the court the next day and instructed the minister to question them.

"Will you please explain what you three said yesterday while strolling on the roof of your house?" asked the minister when the ladies presented themselves in the court.

The three ladies looked at each other meaningfully. The

minister thought that his own interpretation was right. But the eldest daughter-in-law spoke to the other two in low tone, "This one too is like that one!"

"In that case where is the decoration?" asked the second lady.

"That is there in some, not there in some others!" commented the youngest.

Now it was the turn of the king and the minister to look at each other, bewildered.

But the king could not suppress his curiosity for long. He asked them, "My daughters! Your words sound like riddles



to us. What were you talking about on your roof last evening? Please tell the truth."

"O King, last evening, while enjoying the soothing breeze on our roof, we could hear the sweet sound of a drum. The drum was made out of the skin of dead sheep. So I said, 'Dead yet how sweet!' One of my two sisters-in-law said that because it was a quiet, relaxing time, so the drum sounded so sweet. The third one commented that the question of time apart, the hands that played the drums deserved praise too!" explained the eldest of the three.

The king was very much pleased to hear this. But he asked again, "Well, what did you discuss among yourselves a little while ago when the minister asked you the question first?"

"Pardon us, O kind King, decency does not permit us to disclose that!" said the eldest daughter-in-law.

"Please do tell me. I assure you, I will take no offence," said the king.

The ladies then said that the minister should leave the court for a while. When that was done, the eldest one said, "O King, the manner of the minister displeased us. So, I said that he was no different from the sheep. The second one asked that if that was so, where are his horns? The third one commented that all sheep had no horns—their females had none! We are very sorry for such comments."

The king laughed to his heart's content and rewarded the young ladies to their hearts' content!





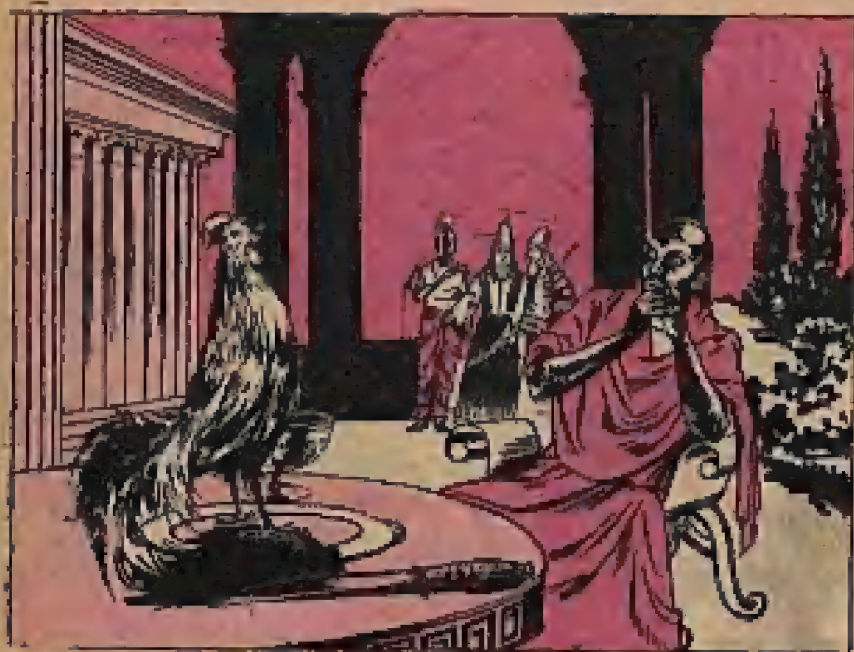
"For little children every-
where
A joyous season still we
make;
We bring our precious gifts
to them,
For dear child Jesus' sake."

Thus sang a poet, Cary, in
his poem, Christmas. This
is the day—25th of Decem-
ber—on which Jesus Christ
is believed to have been
born 1974 years ago, in a
small cottage in the village

of Bethlehem, in the King-
dom of Judea.

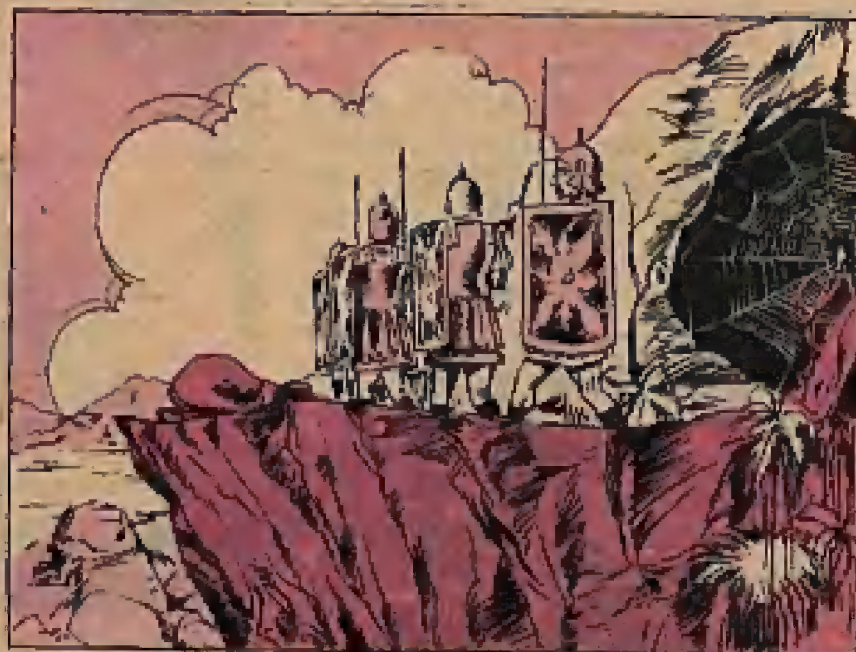
That Jesus, the Son of God,
had just been born on earth,
was revealed to three wise
men of the East. A luminous
star guided them to the dis-
tant cottage where Mary,
the mother, was nursing her
child with the help of her
husband, Joseph. The wise
men went with gifts to greet
the divine child. So, gift-
giving on Christmas dates
back to the very day of
Christ's birth.





Herod, the King of Judea, was told by a cock that a new king who will rule over men's hearts, was born. Herod got the cock roasted for his dinner and said, "If it is true, the roasted cock should crow!" To his horror, the roasted cock sprang up on the dish and crowed!

The horrified and furious king sent his soldiers to kill the child. Joseph and Mary fled with the child. Tired, they slept inside a cave. Immediately a spider spun a web covering the mouth of the cave. Herod's soldiers did not search the cave, thinking, had anybody entered the cave the web would have got snapped.



Joseph and Mary, with Jesus, passed by a field where a farmer was sowing grain. As soon as they passed, the crop grew and the grain ripened, miraculously. Being asked by the soldiers if he had seen a passing family, the farmer replied, "Yes, before these crop grew!" The soldiers thought that that must have been a month ago and so they turned back.

Thus Jesus escaped several attempts by Herod to kill him. As he grew up, people flocked to him to listen to his message of love and truth. Christianity was born.



Long before Christianity reached England, the Englishmen celebrated their New Year Day on December 25. In several other Western countries people worshipped the Sun-God during the second half of December. As time passed, the traditional spirit of festival combined with Christmas.

New elements were added to the festive spirit in course of time. In 8th century the fir tree became the symbol of people's homage to Christ. This tradition first developed in Germany.





But who can think of Christmas today without Father Christmas or Santa Claus? Let us see how this jolly good spirit came into being: In the 4th century there was a merchant in Lycia who had three daughters. The merchant was sad because he had no money to perform the marriage of his daughters.

There was a kind bishop named Nicholas. When he realised the merchant's problem, he secretly threw a bag full of money into his house. The daughters were happily married.



Later Nicholas was called Saint Nicholas. Soon 'Saint Nicholas' became Santa Claus! He became synonymous with the giver of gifts.



So many legends developed around Santa Claus! He was imagined as travelling in a sledge, never separated from his magic bag of gifts.

He is also believed as capable of flying—dropping his gift packets through chimneys!

Santa Claus has become the symbol of goodwill towards children. He is the other name of generosity. His gesture has no motive excepting love for love's sake! Long live Santa Claus.





DIGGING ONE'S OWN GRAVE

Ratnakar, the physician, had nobody in the world. He devoted all his attention to his profession and became very popular among the people of his area.

He was not fond of luxury. Since he lived plainly, he had no need of much wealth. So he could afford to treat the poorer patients free of charge.

The landlord of the village grew extremely jealous of Ratnakar. People who used to come to the landlord for his advice and guidance in several matters now crowded around Ratnakar. The physician's advice was sought not only for ailments, but also for several other problems.

It would not have been difficult for the landlord to drive away Ratnakar from the village. But he was afraid, that would make himself most unpopular among the people. Besides, Ratnakar would not lose much. He would just go away and settle down somewhere else. People would flock to him as usual.

One day the landlord saw Ratnakar going somewhere, with his bag of medicines hanging from his shoulder.

"Where are you going?" asked the landlord.

"I am going to see a patient some miles away. I will return tomorrow," replied Ratnakar respectfully.

The landlord found in this a golden opportunity to harass the physician. At night he instructed his confidants to dig a hole in Ratnakar's wall and to enter his house and destroy all his medicines.

His men duly obeyed him. The valuable mixtures and pills which Ratnakar had prepared over years were all thrown on the ground and the rare herbs he had collected were burnt.

When Ratnakar returned the next day a number of people were already waiting for him before his door. He opened the lock and pushed his door only to be taken aback. What kind of thieves had entered his house? Why should they destroy his medicinal stock, but not care to take away his utensils or clothes?

He reflected deeply and knew that it must have been done by someone who was jealous of him. But he had no rival in the nearby villages. Who could have done this then?

All the villagers gathered there and sympathised with him. The landlord too arrived on the scene, but, needless to say, he was elated at the physician's predicament!

Just then a servant of the



landlord reached there almost breathless and said that the landlord's son, who was playing in the orchard, had been bitten by a poisonous snake.

The servant was followed by some villagers who had carried the unconscious boy there. Ratnakar made the boy lay down on a cot and examined him. His face looked pale.

"Ratnakar! Kindly save my son, at any cost," entreated the landlord.

"Sir! I am helpless. As you know, some rascals have destroyed all my valuable medicines only last night. I do not know what would happen. God alone



can save the boy!" said Ratnakar with a sigh.

The landlord fell at Ratnakar's feet and wept. He was about to confess his mischief. The wise Ratnakar could understand it. He did not want the man to be humiliated before others. "Please keep quiet," he said and rushed out of his house.

"Is he going to wreak his vengeance on me?" thought the landlord as he sat repenting and weeping. In a few minutes Ratnakar returned, gasping for breath and sweating, with some wild roots in his hand.

He squeezed juice out of the roots and put drops of them in the nostrils of the unconscious boy. Within minutes the boy opened his eyes. Half an hour later he sat up, gradually returning to normality.

The landlord embraced Ratnakar as tears rolled down his cheeks. From that day onward he was Ratnakar's greatest well-wisher.

People whispered among themselves, "The landlord's nature has changed since his association with Ratnakar."

The landlord alone knew that he had almost dug his own grave. God saved him, through Ratnakar's goodness.

Answers

Puzzle Time

Bow, Arrow, Skating boots, Riding hat, Hockey Stick, Football, Tennis Racquet, Cricket bat, Flippers, Ice axe, Rope, Cricket ball, Riding Crop, Boxing gloves, Cricket pads, Rugby Ball, Fencing foil and Roller skates.

WHAT GOD WILLS?

In the city of Bassora there was a young man named Majid. He was quite clever, but unfortunately he was lazy. He listened to his parents all right, but never cared for anyone else.

Majid's father was a tailor. He had to work hard in order to maintain his family. One day he told Majid, "My son, it is no good idling away all your time. You should go to wise people from time to time and get some light from them. Why don't you go to Hassan the Wise and listen to him?"

Hassan, who was a religious preacher, lived in a remote part of the town. When Majid reached his place, he was lecturing to a small audience: "God alone provides for our food and drink. He alone knows what you need, what I need and what someone else needs. And whatever He wishes to happen to us, is bound to happen. None can alter His wish."

When the gathering dispersed, Majid went near the wise man and asked him, "Sir, I did not very well understand what you

said just now. Will you please elaborate?"

The wise man smiled and said "What I meant is this: If God wishes you to eat a certain thing today, you have to eat the same. There is no way out."

"Is that so? In that case, Sir, will you please tell me what God wishes me to eat today?" Majid asked sarcastically.

Hassan the Wise looked askance at Majid and replied, "You will be required to drink a lot of milk today."

"If I don't get it?" Majid asked.

"Do not worry. You will get it today somehow or the other," said Hassan.

"I may get it, but if I refuse to drink it?" asked Majid again.

"Whether you welcome it or not, you will be obliged to drink a lot of milk today, that is all!" said the wise man.

"But I tell you, I will never drink milk today. Never, never!" declared Majid and left the place in a huff.

Majid thought that if he returned home, his mother



might offer him milk. Sometimes the neighbours bring sweetened milk as present and when they do so, it becomes embarrassing to refuse to drink it. To avoid any such situation, he decided not to return home for the night. He went towards the forest and relaxed under a tree.

Then it occurred to him that if a traveller comes to take shelter under the tree and offers to share his milk with him, it will be very difficult to say 'No' to him. Majid decided to keep himself out of human sight. Accordingly he climbed the tree and rested, perched on a broad bough.

An hour later a travelling family came there. There were women and kids in the party and they decided to cook some food and eat there before setting out on their journey again.

They lit fire and began to boil a large quantity of milk first. As they were doing so, the leader of the party stood up and looked at some distance and asked all his people to follow him without a moment's delay.

A little later Majid understood why the travellers left in such a hurry, for, a gang of robbers arrived on the spot. The robbers were surprised to see a large pot of milk but not a soul near about.

"What a good luck! Plenty of milk for us to drink!" One of the robbers shouted cheerfully.

"Don't touch a drop of it!" yelled their chief.

The robbers were surprised.

"Have you lost your commonsense?" said the chief, "Why should somebody leave so much of milk here without any motive? Obviously our enemies have done it. They must have mixed deadly poison with it."

The robbers realised that the chief was probably right.

"But I am sure, our enemies must have left one of them somewhere here in order to see what happens to us. Look here and there and the man might be found out," the chief said again.

The robbers immediately started scanning the area. One of them looked upward and shouted, "Here he is, here he is!"

All looked up. Majid shivered in terror.

"Come down, dear fellow! Come down!" the robber-chief called him.

When Majid showed reluctance, the robbers became sure that he was the enemy spy.

"Go up and bring him down!" the robber-chief ordered one of his men. The man climbed the tree and caught hold of

Majid and brought him down.

Majid was made to lie flat on the ground. "Drink the milk," said the chief laughingly.

"I will not drink any milk today!" screamed Majid.

"Shut up, you fool. You must swallow your own poison!" said the chief. His men kept Majid's feet and hands down under their iron grip. One of them clipped his nose. So he was obliged to open his mouth in order to gasp. Immediately the milk was poured into his mouth—a lot of it!

Then the robbers waited. A long time passed. Majid did not die. They were satisfied that there was no poison in the milk. Thereafter they drank up the milk and left the place.

Majid ran towards his home, full of reverence for Hassan the Wise!





LOOKING AT FRUITS

THE LEMON

At the magnificent feast, given by the City of London to Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, to celebrate the queen's coronation, in 1534, a lemon, provided by the Leathersellers' Company, was served.

It had cost six silver pennies

and was so expensive because, at this time, lemons were still a novelty in England although they had been cultivated for centuries in the Mediterranean countries.

Lemons are believed to have originated in the north-west pro-

vinces of India and, together with oranges and citrons, were brought to North Africa and southern Europe, by traders, before the Christian Era.

The Moorish conquerors of Spain, who occupied that country from 711 to 1492 A.D., thought so much of the fruit that they planted lemon trees throughout southern Spain, particularly around their mosques, as a decoration.

During the 15th century, England's trade with foreign countries greatly expanded and we began to import lemons in small quantities from the Azores, Spain and Portugal. When it was discovered that this fruit prevented and cured scurvy, every English ship was obliged to carry enough lemons to provide each seaman with an ounce of the juice a day. But, apart from sailors and the wealthy, lemons remained virtually unknown to most people until the last century when the first steamships made it possible to bring large quantities into our main ports.

Today, we can buy lemons all the year round for we import

them from Europe, Israel and South Africa.

In spite of their usual sour taste, lemons are a popular fruit. Few people like to eat them raw but they are so versatile that they come to us in many different forms.

They are made into fruit squashes, confectionery and sauces. At Christmas time you can find sugared lemon peel in the shops. This is made from the Citron lemon, a large Italian variety with a very thick, lumpy skin.

The juice is an ingredient in cough mixtures, used as a bleach to remove certain types of stains from cloth and can be added to the water in which cauliflowers, potatoes or rice are boiled, to prevent them from losing their colour.

Slices of lemon are often served with rich foods to aid digestion for, although they contain citric acid, lemons have an alkaline reaction in the stomach.

An oil is obtained from the rinds which has a high commercial value and is widely used in the manufacture of cosmetic creams, shampoos and perfumes.



DETECTING THE TRUTH

It happened long ago. A certain Sultan who once ruled over Iran was famous for just and honest administration. In his country nobody could cheat another. He had recruited a number of truthful men to his service who jealously guarded justice.

But one day the Sultan was surprised to receive a very unusual complaint from a foreigner.

The foreigner who carried a bag with him, said, "My lord! Grave injustice was done to me by one of your officers."

"Is that so? Tell me what happened!" the Sultan asked.

Said the foreigner: "My lord! When I reached this city, I had a thousand gold mohurs with me. I was moving from place to place for purpose of commerce. I thought it unsafe to

carry the wealth with me. I put the gold mohurs in this bag, sealed it, and deposited it with the Kazi of this city. Before leaving for my country I took back my bag from him. But back at home when I opened the bag, I was shocked to see that instead of my gold mohurs, the bag was full of copper coins!"

"Why did you not examine the bag properly while taking delivery of it from the Kazi?" asked the Sultan.

"My lord! The bag did not appear to have been tampered with. It is only at home that I found out the deception!" said the foreigner.

"Was there no cut or patch on the bag?" asked the Sultan.

"No, my lord. Even my seal was intact. And how could have I doubted a Kazi?" said the foreigner.

The Sultan thought on the matter for a while and then said, "All right, leave your bag with me. If your complaint is true, you will see justice done. If it is not, you have to receive severe punishment."

The foreigner left the Sultan's court, hopeful.

The Sultan thought and thought, but could not understand how could one change the content keeping the bag intact!

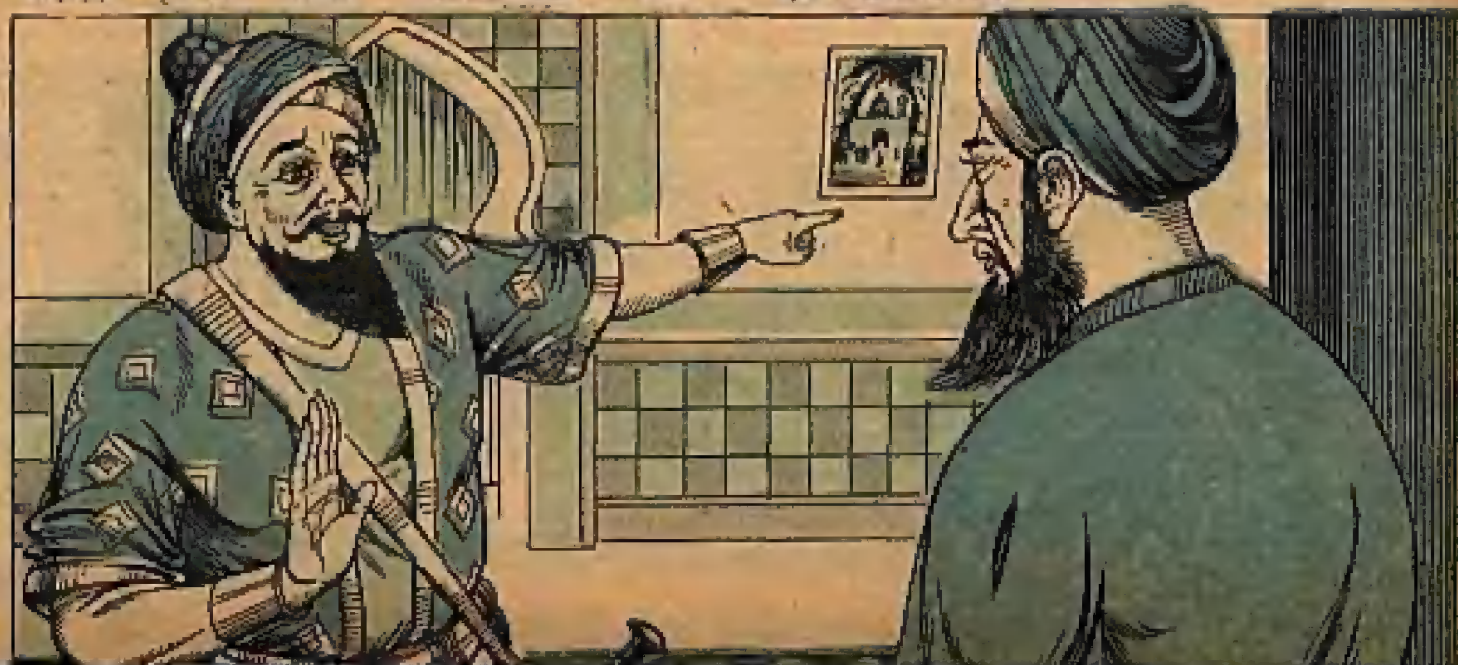
Suddenly an idea struck him early in the morning the next day. He entered his court room alone and with a sharp knife cut the costly velvet piece on his chair at three places. Then he left for hunting, to return by sunset.

A little later a servant entered the court room and saw the cuts. He was terrified. He

called the Palace Superintendent and showed him what had happened. The Superintendent was surprised to see the cuts. However, without any delay, he summoned a tailor named Ahmed and asked him to repair the velvet. Ahmed was a wonder-worker with thread and needle. The Superintendent promised him a good reward and asked him to repair the velvet as best as he could.

The tailor sat down inside the Superintendent's room and concentrated on his work. By evening he had done his job. The cuts seemed to have vanished clean!

Soon thereafter the Sultan returned. The first thing he did was to go near his chair and look at the velvet. As he had anticipated! The cuts could not be detected.



"What happened to the cuts in the velvet?" he asked the servant.

"Cuts? well..." the servant stammered.

"Don't pretend innocence. I had made the cuts myself! Tell me, who is the tailor who could make the velvet perfect again?" demanded the Sultan.

The servant, trembling, informed the Sultan about Ahmed.

Next morning Ahmed was summoned to the court. The Sultan showed the foreigner's bag to him and asked, "Do you recognise it?"

Ahmed looked at it for a while and said, "Yes, my lord, the Kazi had once asked me to repair it."

The Kazi was summoned there in no time.

"Kazi! Are you not ashamed

of your misdeed? How dared you deceive a foreigner? You have brought the prestige of my country down to dust in an innocent foreigner's eyes. How could you do such a thing?" asked the Sultan.

"My lord! I don't know what you are accusing me of. Perhaps some enemy of mine has spread some scandal about me!" said the Kazi.

"Shut up!" thundered the Sultan as he hurled the bag at him. The bag struck the Kazi on his face.

The Kazi confessed his crime and begged to be pardoned. But pardon was not granted to him. He was jailed. The Sultan called the foreigner and gave him five thousand gold mohurs, saying, "The extra three thousand is your reward for exposing a great criminal."





Destiny Altered

In a certain village lived an astrologer named Bhargava who was blessed with a son after many years of waiting. But being an astrologer he learnt from the child's horoscope that the boy would die at the age of twentyfive.

This knowledge made Bhargava and his wife extremely sad. But the child's horoscope also provided that he would get married at that very age of twentyfive!

Bhargava named his boy Chiranjeevi—one who lived forever—and thought that if he could arrange a lucky bride for his son, the son's destiny might change on account of the bride's good luck.

As Chiranjeevi grew up, Bhargava anxiously searched for a bride. But an innocent man that he was, he told everybody the cause of his anxiety. And who was such a fool to give his daughter to a young man who was destined to die at twenty-five?

When Chiranjeevi himself learnt about his fate, he declined to marry. He was then nearing twentyfive. He said, "If die I must, let me die in Kashi, at the altar of Lord Bisweshwer!"

Further he told his father, "If I survive my twentyfifth year, then I will come back. This I promise. Do not grieve."

On his way to Kashi, Chiran-



jeevi entered a jungle. He saw a number of well-dressed people camping in the jungle. On inquiry he learnt that a king was taking his son to the bride's house for marriage.

Chiranjeevi asked a member of the king's party, "Will you please allow me to sleep in your camp for the night?" The man led him to the king's presence.

The king was happy to see Chiranjeevi. An idea occurred to him. The prince was an epileptic patient. If he suffered from a fit while the marriage was being performed it would be too embarrassing. Chiranjeevi

resembled the prince. The king thought that he could give proxy for the prince on the marriage dais. After the marriage he can be sent away and the bride would come with the prince. Nobody would know anything about it.

The king told Chiranjeevi, "You can stay here on one condition: You must do as we ask you to do. If you prove obedient, we will reward you with one thousand rupees."

Chiranjeevi was not interested in money. But he agreed to the king's condition in order to pass the night safely.

He was fed well and was given a luxurious bed to sleep. Next morning he was asked to accompany the party.

They reached the bride's palace in the evening. The marriage was to take place at midnight. The king's men woke up Chiranjeevi an hour before that and dressed him beautifully and led him to the dais. The priests chanted the hymns and his hand was united with the hand of the princess.

Suddenly Chiranjeevi whispered to the bride, "They are making the God of Fire the witness to this marriage. Yet what is it but a farce?"

The princess heard this with great attention. But she could not understand the significance of such a statement.

It was already dawn when all the rituals were over. The bridegroom's party returned to their lodge. The king gave Chiranjeevi a thousand rupees and said, "Go away immediately. My people will kill you if you would be seen anywhere near about."

Chiranjeevi went away.

Next day the prince was sitting near the princess for lunch. The princess asked the prince, "What did you say last night? I could not hear due to so much noise!"

The prince felt nervous and stammered out, "I never said anything!"

The princess, shocked, stood up. She knew that his was not the voice which she heard last night. Besides, how could the bridegroom forget his very first words to his bride?

She cried out, "We have been deceived. This is not my husband!"

All were taken aback. The bride's father took her aside and asked her the reason for such strange conduct. The princess told him everything



and said, "Now I understand why the young man said that the marriage was a farce. Whoever he is, he happens to be my husband, not this prince!"

The bride's father bribed one of the servants of the bridegroom's party. He told him the truth. The two kings abused each other. The bridegroom's party was obliged to go away without taking the bride with them.

At the outskirts of the town was an inn. The bride's father put up an inscription there which read: "What did the bridegroom whisper to the bride on the marriage dais? He who

can tell this would be amply rewarded."

But nobody came forward to claim the reward. A year passed.

Chiranjeevi reached Kashi and spent his time in prayer and meditation. He forgot all about the marriage drama. When he passed his twentyfifth year, he started for his home according to his promise to his father.

On his return journey he reached his bride's town and stopped at the inn. He became curious when he read the strange inscription. He asked the local people about it. They said, "We do not know what it means. But our princess, for some mysterious reason, did not go with her bridegroom!"

Chiranjeevi could guess the situation. He appeared before the king and said, "I can tell

you what the bridegroom whispered to the bride!"

"Really? What was that?" asked the king.

Chiranjeevi repeated what he had said a year ago. The king called the princess out. She recognised the young man instantly.

"Where is my reward?" asked Chiranjeevi.

"Here," said the king, pointing at the princess.

Chiranjeevi and the princess blushed. The king called a meeting of his prominent subjects and disclosed all that had happened. Chiranjeevi continued to live there, for he was not only the king's son-in-law, but also the heir to the throne.

Chiranjeevi's parents were brought there in a magnificent procession. Who could measure their joy?





THE GHOST'S REVENGE

Hundreds of years ago there lived a wicked landlord in a certain village. Near the village was a jungle. The landlord had employed a few bandits who roamed about in the jungle. Whenever someone happened to pass through it, they attacked him and took away whatever valuable things he carried with him. Often they killed the wayfarer and buried him.

One day a great Brahmin scholar was passing through that forest. He was returning from the royal court, his bag full of money which he had received as reward from the king.

No sooner the bandits saw him than they attacked him.

When they knew that he was a famous man and that he was known to the king, they thought it safe to kill him so that nobody would ever know what happened to him. They buried the old man's body under a banian tree.

Years passed. The Brahmin's grandson, a young boy, came to learn his lessons from a teacher who lived in the landlord's village. One afternoon the boy was on his way to his own village, through the jungle. Suddenly, near the banian tree, an old man accosted him, "My child! I am holding this small pot for you for a very long time. It is full of gold coins. Please accept this. But I have



one advice to give. It is not safe to travel along with so much of wealth when evening is approaching. Better you go to the landlord's house and request him to grant you shelter for the night. Then start for your home tomorrow morning."

The curious boy accepted the pot and removing the linen cover on it, found that it was a pot full of gold coins. He

thanked the old man and promised to do as advised by him.

The boy went to the landlord's house and requested him to grant him shelter for the night. The landlord looked at the pot in the boy's hands and agreed to oblige him.

At midnight the landlord entered the room inside which the boy lay fast asleep with the pot by his side. The greedy

man lifted up the pot, opened its mouth and was amazed to see what it contained! He could not understand how such a small boy could earn so much wealth. However, he thought it wiser not to bother about it. He simply emptied the pot and kept it down again and left the room with the booty.

Early in the morning the boy prepared to start for his village. He picked up his pot. But it was so light! Surprised, he looked inside it and found that the coins had vanished!

He hurried to the landlord and said, "What happened to my gold coins?"

"Gold coins? How can a small boy like you speak of gold coins?" shouted the landlord.

"But I say, I had gold coins with me and all is gone!" cried the boy as he ran into the village.

He complained to the villagers about the theft and soon the landlord heard of it. He ordered his servants to capture the boy.

The boy was brought before him. "You have tarnished my fair image by telling the people that you have been robbed of

amounts to telling that I am a thief!" howled the landlord.

Thereafter he looked at his advisers and asked them, "Tell me, what punishment does this boy deserve?"

"He should be hanged, my lord, for, if he continues to live, he would speak even more irreverent and irresponsible things!" said the chief adviser. Other advisers agreed with him.

Soon the villagers heard about it. They collected near the spot where the landlord used to hang people whom he found guilty.

The boy was duly carried to the place. Just then, from the crowd, an old man emerged and challenged the landlord, "What right have to hang this sweet boy?"

"What right have you to raise this question?" asked the angry landlord.

"I am the child's grandfather," replied the old man, "you owe an explanation to me."

"The child is guilty of spreading scandal against me," replied the landlord.

"In that case you are the complainant, not the judge. The case should be tried by the



Nobody had ever challenged the landlord's authority. So he was now a bit scared since the king was mentioned. Then the old man came forward with a suggestion: "I will not take the case to the king, and allow you to hang the boy if you prove that what the child said is false; that is to say, you have not stolen his gold coins."

"How do you want me to prove that?" asked the landlord.

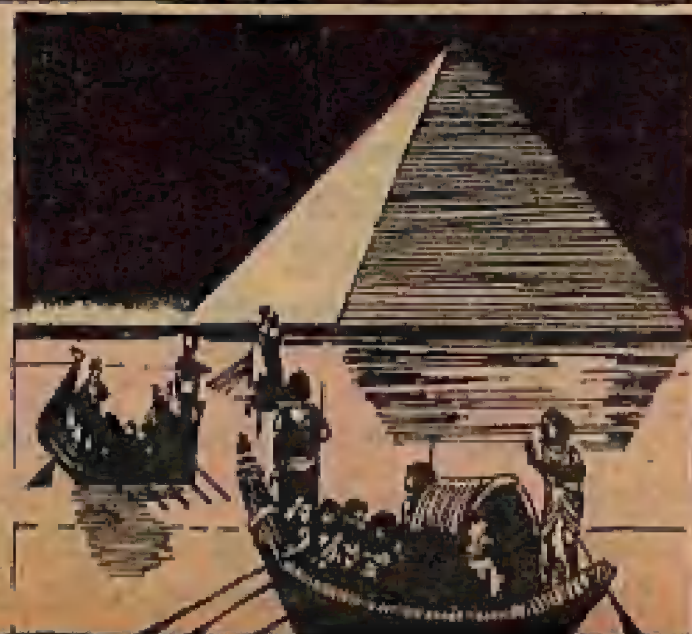
"Just say loudly that if you have stolen the boy's wealth, the ghost of the boy's grandfather would carry you away!" suggested the old man.

"All right," said the landlord and then shouted, "If I have stolen the boy's wealth, his grandfather's ghost will carry me away!"

As soon as he had said this, to everybody's bewilderment, the old man lifted him up and flew away, none knows where!

WHY DID THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS BURY THEIR KINGS IN PYRAMIDS?

The pyramids were tombs for monarchs who believed in rebirth. Their graves were immense and held spices, gold jewellery and clothes as well as, in some cases, wives and guards and all with the object of providing for the monarch on his return to earth.





The very next day Samba gave birth to a grounder. Krishna ordered the Yadavas to crush it thoroughly and to throw the dust into the sea. Krishna further ordered all to forbear from drinking wine and warned that he who violated the order was liable to severe punishment.

Despite all precautions many bad omens continued to be seen. The palace abounded in rats; the young Yadavas were disrespectful towards their elders. Couples quarrelled between themselves. Insects were found in food. Such inauspicious signs had been observed before the Mahabharata war. They indicated large-scale des-

truction of human beings. Krishna asked the Yadavas to prepare for a pilgrimage to a holy spot on the sea.

Accordingly the Yadavas made preparations for the trip. But they did not forget to load a huge quantity of wine on their vehicles. They proceeded to the sea-shore with their chariots and elephants and horses and camped not far from Pravas, the holy spot.

As soon as they had camped, they began merrymaking and drinking.

Under the influence of wine Yuyudhana told Kritavarma, "You killed the Upapandavas, treacherously, while they were asleep. No Yadva worth the

name would do such a thing!" Both quarrelled. Soon the Yadavas were divided in two camps and started hurling their wine cups at each other. Pradyumna pounced upon the Bhojas. The Bhojas soon killed Pradyumna as well as Sathyaki. This made Krishna furious. He uprooted some blades of grass and threw them at whoever chanced to come on his way. It was amazing how the blades of grass proved powerful as thunders. Others too fought among themselves with grass which had in fact grown out of the dust of

the fatal grounder born of Samba. The chaos was total. In their utter madness even the sons killed their fathers and the fathers their sons.

When Krishna saw his son and grandsons dying, he killed many with fury. His charioteer Daruka and Babhru reported to him, "Lord! Almost all are now dead. But where is Balarama? We should look for him."

The three went in search of Balarama. They found him relaxing under a tree. Krishna told Daruka, "Go to Hastinapura and inform the Pandavas





about the destruction of the Yadavas due to the curse of the sages. Arjuna will be here soon."

Daruka sped forth in his chariot. Krishna then told Babhru, "Look after the women. Their jewellery may attract the robbers."

But while Krishna was talking to him Babhru fell to the arrow from a hunter. Krishna turned to Balarama and said, "I will lead the women to Dwaraka and return here soon. Do not leave this spot till then." Krishna proceeded to Dwaraka along with the women and entrusting his father with their

care, said, "It is no more possible for me to stay here. Balarama and myself must go for askesis." Krishna thereafter prostrated himself before his father and returned to Balarama.

Balarama was already in trance. While Krishna looked on, a white snake came out of his mouth and entered the sea. Varuna and the snake gods were there to receive it.

Krishna wandered for a while and then lay down under a tree. A hunter named Jara mistook his feet as the ears of a deer and shot him with an arrow. Krishna left his body. His luminous



spirit spread all over the earth and the sky and rose to heaven.

Daruka duly arrived at Kurudesh. The Pandavas were astounded to hear of the tragedy. Arjuna hurried with Daruka to Dwaraka and met the hapless women. Then wept bitterly when they saw Arjuna.

It was difficult for Arujuna to stand the sight. He gave some solace to Satyabhama and Rukmini and went to meet Vosudev.

Vosudev embraced Arjuna and lamented, "My son who was the mighty destroyer of demons, is no more. Yet I remain alive. The Yadavas are

killed on account of Sathyaki and Pradyumna, your disciples. But I blame nobody. This was the result of the curse. Krishna too deserted us. However, he advised me to be guided by you."

After this Arjuna, accompanied by Daruka, met the council of ministers and said, "Dwaraka would very soon go under the sea. I want you all to leave this place for Indraprastha. Vajra would be crowned the king there. Hurry up please."

The next day Vosudev sat in trance and left his body. His wives, Devaki, Rohini, Vadra and Madira too left their bodies along with him. They were cremated properly, Vajra, Vrishni and the Andhaka princes observed the funeral rituals.

Arjuna visited the place where the Yadavas had fought and died. He performed the funeral rites for them. On the seventh day he set out for Dwaraka with the Yadava women. As they left the city walking or riding on chariots, elephants and horses, the sea advanced behind them and Dwaraka was submerged.

After several halts at different places, Arjuna reached Pan-

chanada. There he was attacked by robbers who surrounded the ladies. Arjuna threatened them with dire consequences, but they did not pay any heed. Exasperated, Arjuna at last decided to counter-attack them with his great weapon, the Gandiva. But lo and behold! He could not handle it! Even he could not remember the hymn that was necessary for using the weapon. He could not check the robbers and stood dumb-founded while they drove with them most of the women and their wealth. With the rest, Arjuna managed to reach Kurukshetra.

Following Yudhishtira's instruction, Kritavarma's wife and children were provided with shelter at Murtikavanta; all the kids, women and old men at Indraprastha, and Sathyaki's son at Saraswathi. Vajra was declared the king of Indraprastha and he took the charge of the family of Akrur. Rukmini and some other wives of Krishna had sacrificed themselves in fire. Satyavama and the rest went away to a forest for doing askesis.

Arjuna paid a visit to the Ashram of Vyasa. The great sage asked him, "Why, O



Arjuna, do you look so pale and pensive?"

Arjuna replied, "O great one, indescribable is my sorrow. Krishna and Balaram are no more. All the Yadavas are killed as a result of a curse by some sages. Heroes who could wield gigantic weapons, fell dead when blades of grass struck them! I am shocked. I do not understand the use of my living in a world forsaken by Krishna. Besides, something queer has happened: all my strength has vanished. The Yadava women were forcibly taken away by robbers and I



could not help it although it happened before my eyes. I am devoid of peace and feeling like going mad. What should I do?"

"Have peace, O Arjuna, know that Vrishni and Andhaka died due to a curse. Krishna could have changed the course of events, but he did not like to interfere. The work of the Krishna Avatar came to an end. He has returned to his own place. You, along with Bhima, Nakula and Sahadev, have done much that was noble. I believe, your spirits are quite satisfied and you too would find place in heaven. Time keeps on changing. Everything changes accordingly. The world is ruled by time. Sometimes time is favourable to us, sometimes not. Your weapon too has

exhausted its role. So it has become unwieldy. That too is due to time. Do not feel sad about it," Vyasa explained.

Arjuna returned to Hastinapura and reported everything to Yudhishtira.

Hearing all this, Yudhishtira decided to undertake a great journey through the unknown—in quest of the ultimate destination of life.

Yudhishtira's wish was echoed by his brothers. Yudhishtira entrusted Yuyutsa with the responsibility of the kingdom and chose Parikshit as his heir. Thus, Parikshit was to rule Hastinapura while Vajra was to rule Indraprastha. Subhadra was to keep an eye on both. Then Yudhishtira performed the funeral rites of all who had died at Dwaraka.



FUN WITH SCIENCE

Suspending a ball in mid-air

Take a deep breath, blow upwards through a drinking straw—and you can support a ping-pong ball in the air-stream. This looks like a piece of real scientific magic, but there is, of course, a logical explanation.

Sideways-acting pressure in a moving air-stream is less than surrounding air pressure. The air from your lungs flows closely around the lightweight ball.

Whenever the ball tends to fall out of the air stream, high atmospheric pressure pushes it back again.

Make a 4 in. diameter wire ring on a handle and pass it from side to side over the ball whilst you are blowing to keep the ball aloft. This stunt will need some practise.



WONDER WITH COLOURS



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. Pranlal R. Patel



Mr. Niwas Jadhav

- These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 31st December.
- Winning captions will be announced in FEBRUARY issue
- Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name, address, age and post to:

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST
CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE
MADRAS-600 026

Result of Photo Caption Contest held in October Issue

The Prize is awarded to

Master Anup Vittal

1180, 28th Main Road

4 'T' Block

Jayanagar, Bangalore 560011.

Winning Entry—'Side by Side'—'A Buggy Ride'

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

Here are twenty questions to test your general knowledge. See how many you can answer correctly. Then turn to page 58 to check your results.

1. A Septuagenarian is (a) A flower, (b) A child under seven, (c) A person in their seventies?
2. What special name is given to animals which carry their young in pouches?
3. On which date in India would you expect to see a pyrotechnical display?
4. India has produced many famous diamonds. Do you know the name of the diamond that was stolen from an idol and sold to Catherine of Russia?
5. What is the name of the winged horse of Greek mythology?
6. A Rhode Island Red is: (a) A Greek butterfly, (c) An American communist, (c) A type of fowl?
7. Who was the President of the Confederate States of America at the time of the American Civil War?
8. What a special name is given to a person who takes X Ray photographs?
9. Ambergris is used in the manufacture of perfume. From what is it obtained?
10. Cricket in India was first played by mariners of East India Company at Comboy. What year was this?
11. In the 1963-64 tests against England, the Nawab of Pataudi gave India a good Start. What did he do?
12. In which city is the Australian Federal parliament house situated?
13. Which city was known as the second largest in the British Empire?
14. Who painted the Mona Lisa and where does it now hang?
15. What was the name of the American nuclear submarine which made the first voyage under the North pole?
16. What special name is given to the study of earth-quakes and earth movements?
17. Which American president was assassinated by Jhan Wilkes Booth?
18. With which animals do you associate the following: Pied Piper of Hamelin- Robert Bruce?
19. Which Indian city was once given as part of a queen's dowry?
20. A number of cows is called a herd. What are the group terms for - Lions, Geese, Stars?



WRONG ASSESSMENT

In a village lived two friends: Shripati and Jagapati. Although Shripati was rich and Jagapati was poor, their friendship was deep.

The two friends were once travelling to the town. On the way they saw two girls going to the well for water. Shripati was feeling thirsty. He asked his friend to wait under a tree and went near the well.

As he approached the well he heard the girl with the red saree asking the girl with the white saree: "Lakshmi, what kind of husband would please you?"

"Well Rohini, to speak the truth, I have a number of desires. I want a husband who can pro-

vide me with glittering ornaments, beautiful sarees and also a palatial house with provision for excellent food. But desires are desires. What value have they?" replied Lakshmi. Rohini said, "But I have no desire whatever! I can adjust myself to any circumstance. Plain bread is enough for me!"

Shripati looked at the girls closely. Both were beautiful. He thought that if he could get Rohini as his wife, he would be so happy! She would never desire to spend away his wealth. At the same time he thought it would be great fun if Lakshmi married Jagapati who was poor!

Shripati returned to Jagapati and said, "My friend! Why not

we marry these two girls yonder? They are so beautiful! Let me marry one one wearing the red saree. You can marry the other."

Jagapati had no objection. Both followed the girls and met their parents. Their proposals were accepted.

Lakshmi who desired a lot of things, married the poor Jagapati. Rohini who desired nothing, married the rich Shripati.

As soon as Rohini came to Shripati's house she asked, "How is it that I don't see a single servant in such a big house?"

"Well, what use keeping servants? Can't we manage the

household ourselves?" said Shripati, smiling.

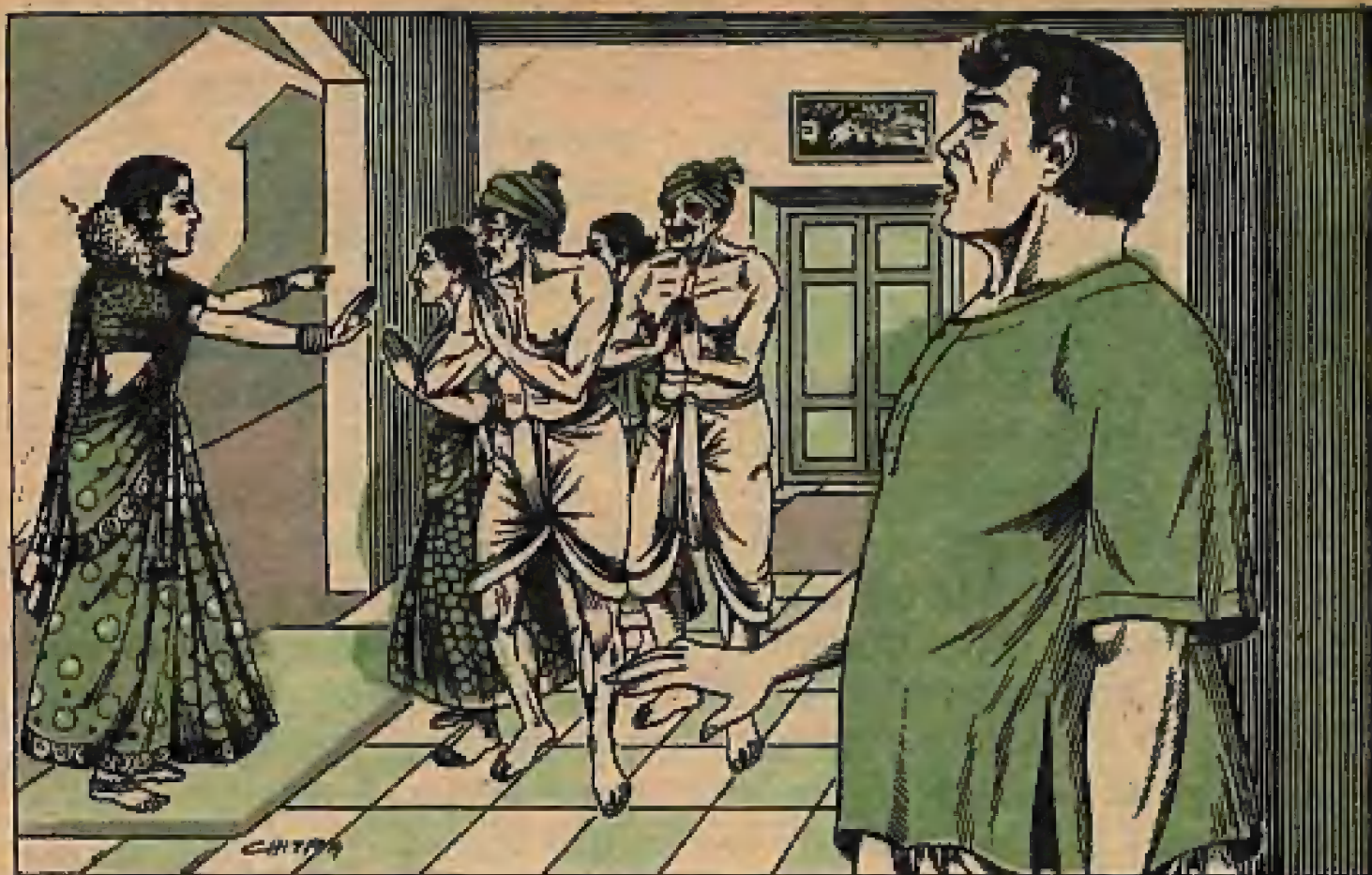
Rohini prepared to cook. She asked her husband, "What items would you like in plain and what items in sweet?"

"Plain bread would be enough!" replied Shripati.

At night Rohini told her husband, "We have so much wealth. Why not buy some nice sarees and ornaments for me?"

"We have some wealth, no doubt. But that does not mean that we must spend! Of what use are costly sarees and ornaments? How do we suffer without them?" replied Shripati.





Rohini kept quiet.

When Shripati came out of his bed-room in the morning, two men and two women greeted him.

"Why have you come here?" Shripati asked them.

"We are your servants, sir! We have been employed by the queen of this household!" they happily announced.

"What! Four servants at a time! No, no. I don't want you. Go away!" shouted Shripati.

But Rohini appeared on the scene and asked her husband to keep quiet. "Why four? Our means should permit us to maintain forty servants," she

said, and allotted works to the employees.

Shripati was served delicious dishes when he sat down for lunch.

"I am finished!" grumbled Shripati.

"Don't moan. The servants would laugh at you otherwise. What use possessing wealth if we don't enjoy the good things of life and if we don't entertain others?" Rohini asked.

A few days later Rohini paid a visit to the town and on return, showed to Shripati a number of things she had purchased for her own use and for the use of Shripati.

"I am plundered! I am killed!" screamed Shripati and wept.

"Please be in peace," Rohini consoled him as she wiped tears off his cheeks.

"How can I be in peace? Always I remember what you had told Lakshmi near the well and realise that I am deceived!" confessed Shripati.

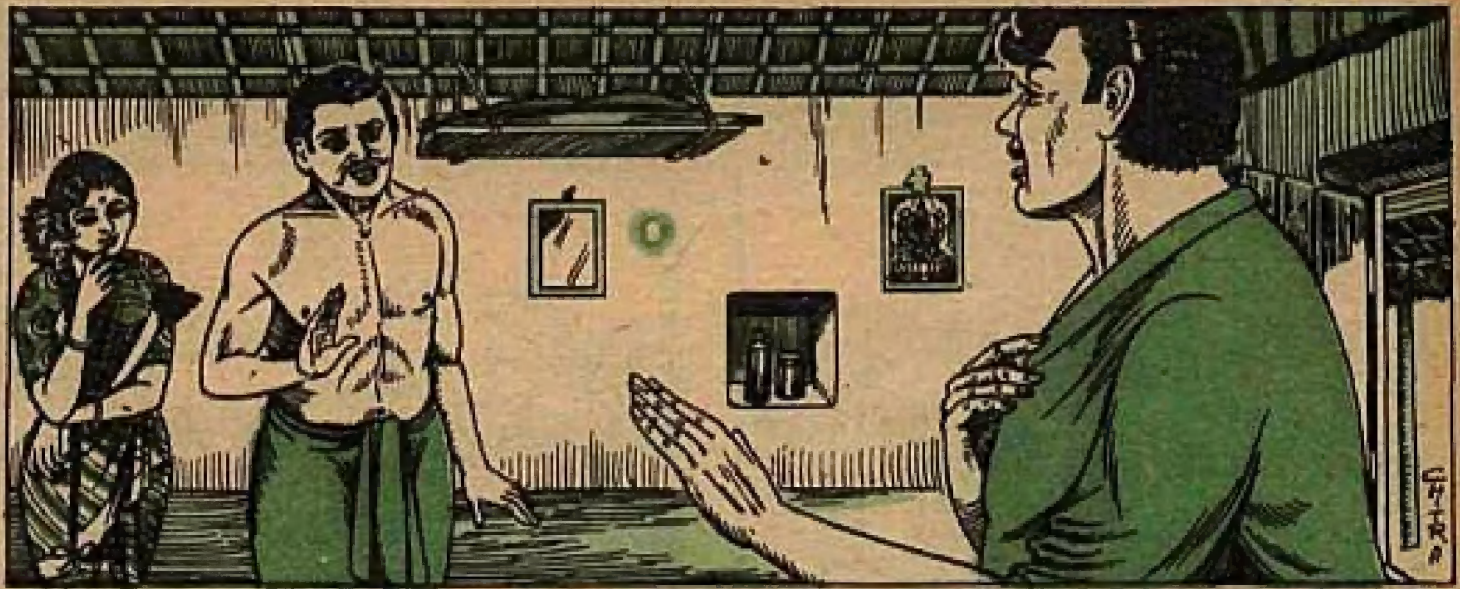
"Oh, that!" sighed Rohini and said, "But I had spoken no lie. I had said that I can adjust myself to any circumstance. If we had no wealth, I would have put up with poverty. Since we have wealth, why should we put up with false poverty?"

Shripati thought: "If this be my condition although I married a girl who had no desire, what must be the misery of poor Jagapati who married a girl who had so many desires?"

He paid a visit to his friend's house. He was cordially received.

He had expected to see Jagapati in utter ruin and his wife Lakshmi in utter frustration. But what he saw amazed him. Jagapati looked bright with enthusiasm. Far from looking frustrated, Lakshmi looked quite content. Their small household looked neat and elegant.





Lakshmi served them plain food. After that Jagapati said, "My friend! So many times I have thought of paying a visit to you. But I find no time! Tell me, how are you?"

"I am all right; don't bother. But tell me, what keeps you so much occupied that you don't find time to visit me?" asked Shripati with great curiosity.

"See for yourself! We have planted so many saplings. We are working hard to build up an orchard," replied Jagapati.

"Is your wife co-operating with you? Does she not demand costly ornaments and sarees?" asked Shripati.

"No, never!" said Jagapati.

"But I heard her saying that she fondly desired such things!" said Shripati with some surprise. Just then, Lakshmi came out and said sweetly, "Brother!

What I had spoken that day was true. Who is there who does not desire so many things? But I am never sorry for not getting them. I am happy to work for our prosperity. Maybe, I will get them in future!"

Shripati returned home—a wiser man.



"You're really very healthy, considering that you've been swallowed by a lion!"

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES

(Sorry, no clue anywhere in the Magazine.)

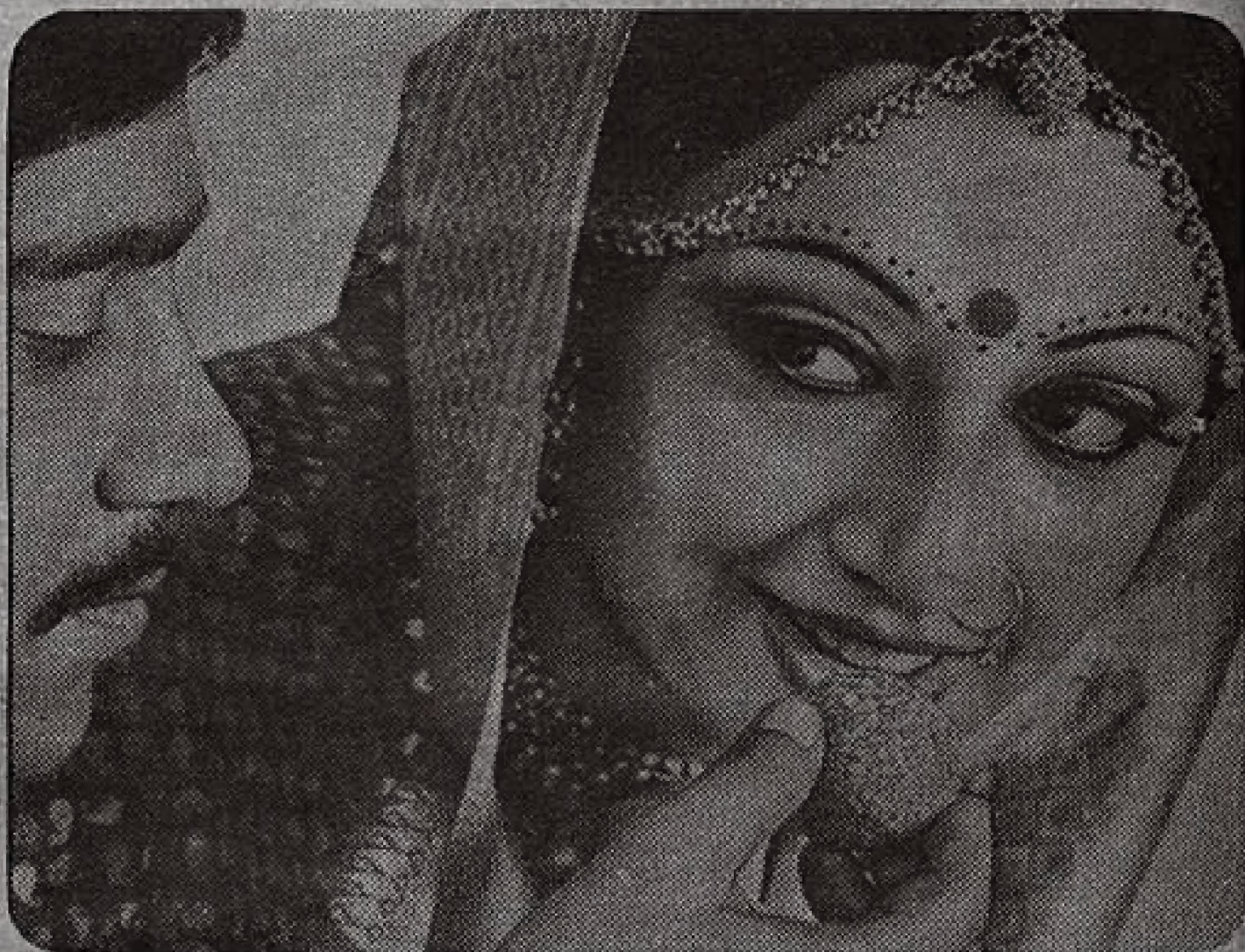


WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

ANSWERS

1. A person in their seventies ; 2. MARSUPIALS ;
3. 15th August, Independence Day ; 4. ORLOFF (900 carats uncut) ;
5. PEGASUS ; 6. A type of Fowl ;
7. JEFFERSON DAVIS ; 8. RADIOGRAPHER ; 9. The Sperum Whale ;
10. 1721 ; 11. Won the toss for all the five matches ;
12. CANBERRA ; 13. CALCUTTA ;
14. Leonardo da Vinci and it hungs in the Louvre in Paris ;
15. U. S. S. Nautilus ; 16. SEISMOLOGY ;
17. ABRAHAM LINCOLN ; 18. RATS, SPIDER !
19. BOMBAY ; 20. PRIDE, GAGGLE, GALAXY.

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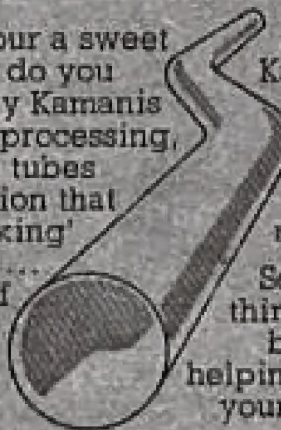


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